

look at my guide book beguiled me with the notion that the villa was just outside the gate; but it was a deceit which I should be glad to have practised on me every February 17 of my life. If the villa was further off than I thought, the way to it lay for a while through a rambling suburban street delightfully enlivened by wide horned oxen drawing heavy wagon-loads of grain, donkeys pulling carts laden with vegetables and children and hens and dogs playing their several parts in a perspective through which you would like to continue indefinitely. But after a while a dim, cool, curving lane leaves the street and irresistibly invites your cab to follow it; and sooner than you could ask you get to the villa gate. There a gatekeeper tacitly wonders at your arriving before he is well awake, and will keep you a good five minutes while he parleys with another attendant before he can bring himself to tell you a ticket and let you into the beautiful old yellow, gray clustered court, where there is a young architect with the T square of his calling sketching some point of it, and a gardener gently hacking off from the parent stems palm leaves as have survived their usefulness. Beyond is the famous fountain court and a classic temple to the right, and other structures responsive to the impulses of the good Pope Julius III., who was never tired of adding to this pleasure palace of his. It was his favorite resort, with all his heart, from the Vatican, and his favorite amusement in it was the somewhat academic diversion of proverbs, which Ranke says sometimes "mingled blushes with the smiles of his guests."

Let the reader should think I have gone direct to Ranke for this knowledge I will own that I got it at second hand out of Harle's "Walks in Rome," where he tells us also that the Pope used to come to this villa every day by water, and that "the richly decorated barge, filled with venerable ecclesiastics, gliding through the oiled fringed banks of the Tiber . . . would make a fine subject for a picture." No doubt, and if I owned such a picture I would have no time in public spiritedly bestowing it on the first Carnegie library. Our author is, as usual, terribly severe on the Italian Government for some wrong done the villa. I could not well make out what. But it seems to involve the present disposition of the Etruscan antiquities in the upper rooms of the casino, where these, the most precious witnesses of that intricate civilization, must in any arrangement exhaust the most instructed interest. Just when the amateur archaeologist, however, is sinking under his learning, the custodian opens a window and lets him look out on a beautiful hill beyond certain gardens, where a bird is singing angelically. I suppose it is the same bird which sings all through these letters, and as I do not know its name, but we will call it blackcap; blackcap has a sweet, saucy sound like its own note, and is the pretty translation of caponero, a name which the bird might know itself by.

Villa Papa Giulio is but a little place compared with something on the scale of the Villa Pamphili Doria, though from its casino it has a charm far beyond that. What it may once have been as to grounds and gardens there is little to show now, and the Pamphili Doria itself had not much to show in gardens, though it had grounds and to spare. It is in fact a large park, though whether larger than the Villa Borghese I cannot say. But it has not been taken by the State, and it is so far off on its hills that it is safe from the overrunning of city feet. It is safe even from city wheels, unless they are those of livery carriages, for numbered cabs are not suffered in its proud precincts. You partake of this pride when you come in your rubber tired remiss, and have the consolation of being part of the beautiful exclusiveness. It costs you fifteen francs, but one must suffer for being patrician, even for a single afternoon. Outside we had the satisfaction of seeing innumerable numbered cabs drawn up, and within the villa gates of meeting or passing the plebeians who had come in them, and were now walking while we were smoothly rolling in our victoria. The day was everything we could ask, very warm and bright below the Janiculum, on which we had mounted, and here on the summit delicious with cool currents of air. There had been beggars on the way up, at every point where our horses must be walked, and we paid our way handsomely, so that when we went back they bowed without asking again; this is a convention at Rome which no self-respecting beggar will violate; they all touch their hats in recognition of it.

The beautiful prospect from a certain curve of the drive after you have passed the formal sunken garden, at which you pause, is the greatest beauty of the Villa Pamphili Doria. You stop to look at it by the impulse of your coachman, and then you keep on driving around, in the long ellipse which the road describes, through grassy and woody slopes and levels, watered by a pleasant stream, and through long aisles of pine and ilex. We thought twice around was enough, and told the driver so, somewhat to his evident surprise and to our own regret, so far as the long state of lix was concerned, for I do not suppose there is a more perfect thing of its kind in the world. The shade under the thick sunproof roofing of horizontal boughs was practically as old as night, and on our second passage of its dim length it had some Capuchin monks walking down it, who formed the fittest possible human interest in the perspective. Off on the grass at one side some Ursuline nuns were sitting with their pupils, laughing and talking, and one nun was playing ball with the smaller girls, mingling with them about her own gay, innocent cries of joy, as she romped among them. Nothing could have been prettier, sweeter or better suited to the place; all was very simple and apparently the whole place was hospitably free to the poor women who ranged over it, digging chiorio for salad out of the meadows. The daisies were thick as white clover, and the harsh purple of the anemones showed everywhere.

The casino is plainer than the casino of the Villa Borghese, and is not public like that; its sculptures have been taken to the Doria palace in the city; and there is no longer any excuse for curiosity even to try penetrating it. It stands on the left of the road by which you leave the villa, and to the right on the grassy incline in full view of the casino was something that puzzled us. It did not seem probable that the gigantic capital letters grown in box should be spelling the English name Mary, but it proved that they were, and later it proved that this was the name of the noble English lady whom the late Prince Pamphili Doria had married. Whether they marked her grave or merely commemorated her it was easy to impute a pathos to the fancy of having them there, which it might not have been so easy to verify.

You cannot attempt to pass over any ground in Rome without danger of sinking into historical depths from which it will be hard to extricate yourself, and it is best to heed one's steps and keep them to the day's activities. But one could not well visit the Villa Pamphili Doria without at least wishing to remember that in 1486 Garibaldi in his defence of republican Rome held it

for weeks against the whole French army. A votive temple within the villa grounds commemorates the invaders who fell in this struggle; on a neighboring height the Italian leader triumphs in the monument his adoring country has raised to him. If we are to believe the censorious Hare, the love of the hero's countrymen went rather far when the Roman municipality, to please him, tried to change the course of the Tiber in conformity with a scheme of his and so spoiled the beauty of the Farnesina garden without affecting a too difficult piece of engineering. The less passionate Murray says merely that "a large slice of this garden was cut off to widen the river for the Tiber embankment," and let us hope that it was no worse.

I suppose we must have seen the villa in its glory when we went in 1884 to see the Raphael frescoes in the casino there, but in the touching melancholy of the wasted and neglected grounds we easily accepted the present as an image of the past. For we remembered the weed grown, green mossed gravel paths of the sort of bewildered garden that remained with its quenched fountain, its vases of dead or dying plants and its dishevelled shrubbery were what had always been; and it was of such a charm that we were gratefully content with it. The truth is, one cannot do much with beauty in perfect repair; the splendor that belongs to somebody else, unless it belongs also to everybody else, wounds one's vulgar pride and inspires envious doubts of the owner's right to possession. But when the blight of ruin has fallen upon it, when dilapidation and disintegration have begun their work of atonement and exaltation, then our hearts melt in compassion of the waning magnificence and in a soft pity for the expropriated possessor, to whom we attribute every fine and endearing quality. It is this which makes us such friends of the past and such critics of the present, and enables us to enjoy the adversity of others without a pang of the jealousy which their prosperity excites.

There was much to please a somewhat secular taste in our visit to the Farnesina. The gatesman, being an Italian official, had not been at the gate when we arrived, but came running and smiling from his gossip with the doorkeeper of the casino; and this was a good deal in itself; but the doorkeeper, amiably obese, was better still in her acceptance of the joke with which the hand mirror for the easier study of the roof frescoes was accepted. "It is more convenient," she suggested, and at the counter-suggestion, "Yes, especially for people with short necks," she shook with gelatinous laughter, and burst into the generous cry, "Oh, how delightful!" Perhaps it was because she too had experienced the advantage of perusing the frescoes in the hand mirror's reversal. At any rate she would not be satisfied till she had returned a Roland for that easy Oliver. Her chance came in showing the Rubens in one of the rooms, with the master's usual assortment of billowy beauties, when she could say—and she ought to have known—that they had eaten too much macaroni. It was not much of a joke; but one hears so few jokes in Rome.

Do I linger in this study of myself character because I feel myself unequal to the ecstasies which the frescoes of Raphael and his school in that pleasure dome demanded of me? Something like that, I suppose, but I do not pride myself on my inability. It seemed to me that the coloring of the frescoes had lost whatever tenderness it once had; and that what was never meant to be matter of conscious perception, but only of the vague sense which it is the office of decoration to impart, had grown less pleasing with the passage of time. There in the first hall was the story of Cupid and Psyche in the literal illustration of Apuleius, and there in another hall was Galatea on her shell with her Nymphs and Tritons and Amorini; and there were Perseus and Medusa, and Icarus and Phaeton, and the rest of them. But if I gave way to all the frankness of my nature I should own the subjects fallen silly through the old age of an outworn life, and redeemed only by the wonderful skill with which they are rendered. At the same time I will say in self-defence that if I had a very long summer in which to keep coming and dwelling long hours in the company of these frescoes, I think I might live back into the spirit which invented the fables, and enjoy even more the amusing sense that was never tired of their repetition. Masterly conception, incomparable execution, are there in histories which are the dreams of worlds almost as extinct as the dead planets whose last rays still reach us, and in whose death glimmer we can fancy, if we will, a unity of life with our own not impossible nor improbable. But more than some such appeal do the Raphaels and the Giulio Romance of the Farnesina make to the eye untrained in the art which created them, and unversed in the technique by which they will live till the last line moulders and the last tint fades?

We came out and stood a long time looking up in the pale afternoon light at the beautiful face of the tenderly aging but not yet decrepit casino. It was utterly charming, and it prompted many vagaries which I might easily have mistaken for ideas. This is perhaps the best of such experiences, and after you have been with famous works of art and have got them well over and done with, it is natural and it is not unjust that you should wish to make them some return, if not in kind, then in quantity. You will try to believe that you have thought about them, and you should not too strictly inquire as to the fact. It is some such forbearance that accounts for a good deal of the appreciation and even the criticism of works of art.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THE BEN FRANKLIN FLIES AGAIN.

Big Balloon Travels From Philadelphia to New Brunswick, N. J., With 4 Passengers. PHILADELPHIA, June 13.—The big balloon Ben Franklin made its fourth trip to-day, travelling four hours and landing near New Brunswick, N. J., at 8 o'clock this evening. The passengers were George Lane Mayer, secretary of the Ben Franklin Association; J. Edward Roth, David Schuyler, John Parke, W. R. Brown, Samuel A. King and Francis Sims McGrath of New York.

Prof. King had been up about 500 times before. By the time the balloon reached Dean's Station, just south of New Brunswick, the ballast became exhausted. The balloon dropped steadily and the landing was as peaceful as the trip had been.

Easy to tell

whether coffee causes headaches. Drop it for a week or two and use

POSTUM
"There's a Reason"

Read "The Road to Wellville," in page.

IN SOCIETY.

William Pitts Hugh Whitehouse, Jr., has been in Newport the last week with his father, William Pitts Hugh Whitehouse. The engagement of Mr. Whitehouse and Mrs. E. G. Fabbri, Vanderbilt is talked of among their friends. Mr. Whitehouse is a grandson of Bishop Whitehouse of Illinois. His younger brother, Sheldon Whitehouse, is private secretary of Ambassador Whitelaw Reid and his elder brother, Henry J. Whitehouse, married some years ago Miss Ethel M. Dunton of Dinard, Normandy.

Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard and her son-in-law, Ernesto G. Fabbri, and his mother, Mrs. Fabbri, arrived from Europe last Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Fabbri and Mrs. Fabbri will go on to-morrow to Bar Harbor for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Maunsel Schieffelin Crosby sail next Saturday from Boston for Europe, where they will pass the summer. They came on here after their own wedding in Trinity Church, Lenox, last Thursday and are passing the first days of their honeymoon at Gramere, the country place of Mr. Crosby's mother, Mrs. Ernest Crosby, at Rhineback on the Hudson. They expect to make their home in New York and at Gramere when they return from their European trip. Mr. Crosby is to be graduated this month from Harvard and the young couple will participate in class day festivities before sailing.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, who have had their big house at Hyde Park, N. Y., filled with guests this spring, sailed on Tuesday for Europe. Mr. and Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt will remain at Biltmore House, N. C., until the season. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt are at Sandy Point Farm, their place near Newport. Alfred G. Vanderbilt is to be graduated this month from Harvard and the young couple will participate in class day festivities before sailing.

Miss Alice Pickett Caskin and James O. Williams are to have a small wedding on Wednesday. Only the relatives of the couple will be present at the ceremony, to be performed in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth avenue and Forty-fifth street, by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Herbert Shipman.

As now arranged the wedding of Miss Alice Potter and Newton Adams will not be celebrated until late in September. Trinity Church, Newport, will be the scene of the event. The bride-elect is at the resort for the season as usual with her aunt, Miss S. Ethelinda Blachford.

Miss Anita L. Peabody, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Peabody of 224 Madison avenue, gave a dinner at the family summer home at Cold Spring last Thursday night for Miss Lydia Mason Jones and the bridesmaids who will attend Miss Mason on her wedding with Arthur C. Blagden on June 22.

The wedding to-morrow afternoon of Miss Helen Burgess and Edgar Bryan will take place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Burgess, 507 Madison avenue. Miss Helen Burgess will attend her sister as maid of honor. There will be bridesmaids or bridesmaids. The Rev. Malbone Brookhouse will perform the ceremony at 4 o'clock, and the bridegroom will be assisted by his brother, Charles E. Bryan, as best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry will probably arrive from Europe next Saturday, accompanied by Miss Angelica Gerry and Miss Mabel Gerry, and will be at Newport for the season.

The wedding of Miss Caroline Murray Wilmerding and John B. Trevor on June 25 will probably not be a large affair. It will take place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lucia K. Wilmerding, 18 East Seventy-seventh street. The bride, who made her social debut two seasons ago, has decided to be no bride-maid. She will be attended by Miss Caroline Drayton as maid of honor.

James de Wolfe Cutting, who has been in Paris of late with his mother, Mrs. Robert L. Cutting, is now expected home and will make Newport his headquarters for the season. Barton Willing, whose cottage at Newport is open and who will have his widowed sister, Mrs. Thomas Willing, later, has sailed for London to join his sister, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, and to attend the Reid wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lewis Morris sailed yesterday on the Caronia and will travel on the Continent until the middle of August, when they will return and make their home in New York.

The marriage of Miss Antoinette W. Macley and Frederick Johnson will take place on Wednesday in the Church of the Ascension, Fifth avenue and Tenth street. The Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, the rector, will perform the ceremony at 11 o'clock. There will be no bridesmaids or ushers. William Johnson, Jr., will assist his brother as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Macley of 15 West Third street, the bride's parents, will give a breakfast for relatives and a few friends after the ceremony.

There will be a number of New York guests at the wedding of Miss Katherine Thompson and Loren N. Wood, to take place on Wednesday at the country place of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Thompson, at Summit, N. J. Bishop Henry Spellmeyer will perform the ceremony. The bride will be attended by Miss Jessie V. Edsall of Wellesley, Mass.; Mabel E. Brewer of Brooklyn; Marjorie Finch of Summit, N. J.; Mildred E. Brennan of Lancaster, N. Y.; Ora M. Landis; Harriet H. Stonehouse, Helen Banister and Marguerite O. Baker, all of Newark, as bridesmaids. Henry W. Donovan will assist as best man.

One of the out of town weddings of the week will be that of Miss Myra Levi Bendall and Daniel England of Pittsfield, Mass., to take place at 7 o'clock on Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Herman Bendall, on Capitol Hill, Albany.

Miss Lucille Marguerite Graves Osborne and Henry James Lamar Washington are to be married on Tuesday afternoon in the Rutgers Presbyterian Church, Broadway and Seventy-third street. Bishop Henry Spellmeyer will perform the ceremony at 3:30 o'clock and will be assisted by the Rev. Dr. Robert Mackenzie, pastor of the church. The bride will be given away by her father, Robert A. Osborne, in a costume of lace with a big white satin with orange blossoms. She will be attended by Miss Robina B. Christian as maid of honor. Her youthful sister, Elizabeth Kately Graves Osborne, will be flower maiden. William Grace Brady will assist as best man, and David Graves Wagner, a cousin of the bride; Walter Douglas Lamar, a cousin of the bride; and John C. Price of Seattle, Wash.; John G. diner Drinkwater of Boston and Robert V. Mahon, Jr., Samuel Thompson Hollister, James F. Allen and Benjamin F. Tilton will be ushers. Afterward Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Osborne will give a reception at the Ansonia.

Miss Errol Brown and Lieut. Charles R. Train will have a big wedding in Washington to-morrow. The ceremony will be performed in St. Thomas's Church. The bride will be attended by Mrs. Field Gibson as matron of honor. Miss Pansy Blomberg will be the maid of honor. Lieut. Frank Brown, U. S. N., will assist as best man, as best man, and Lieut. Chauncey Shookford, Hugo W. Osterhaus, Robert L. Barry, Thomas C. Hart, Lieutenant-Commander Fitz South, all of the navy; Capt. Frank E. Evans,

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A Sale of Women's, Misses' and Girls' Garments to which every department contributes the balance of its stock

Involved are Suits, Dresses, Coats, Gowns, Skirts, Waists for Women & Misses—Suits and Coats, Dresses for Girls At Fractional Prices of Their True Worth

Values are so great in instances we hardly dare mention them—of course, quantities are small; they'll be snapped up early.

| Values to \$10 | Values to \$15 | Values to \$25 |
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| Dotted Swiss Dresses. Princess Repp Dresses. Linen Guimpe Dresses. Chambray Dresses. Ling. Princess Dresses. Bordered Lawn Dresses. Pecalee Guimpe Dresses. Linen Tailored Suits. Full-length Rain Coats. Linen Motor Coats. Short Cover Coats. Gored Panama Skirts. Striped Panama Skirts. Beant Batiste Waists. Hand Embr. Waists. China Silk Waists. Heavy Taffeta Waists. Girls' Linen Suits. Girls' Lawn Dresses. Khaki Riding Skirts. | Cloth Tailored Suits. Linen Coat Suits. Taffeta Silk Dresses. Border Lawn Dresses. Tailored Linen Dresses. Lingerie Dresses. Embr. Fillet Net Coats. Long Pongee Coats. Long Rain Coats. Long Linen Coats. Short Broadcloth Coats. Short Cover Coats. Mohair Gored Skirts. Mohair Plaided Skirts. Black Voile Skirts. Girls' Cloth Suits. Girls' Silk Coats. Girls' Pongee Coats. Girls' Net Dresses. Girls' Rainproof Coats. | Tailored Linen Suits. Lace and Linen Suits. Cloth Tailored Suits. Taffeta Princess Dresses. Bordered Swiss Dresses. Lingerie Dresses, colors. Fillet and Linen Dresses. Khaki Riding Habits. Rubberized Satin Coats. Priestley Craven Coats. Renaissance Braided Coats. Embr. Fillet Net Coats. Cloth Riding Skirts. Black Taffeta Skirts. Black Voile Waists. Ecru Lace Waists. Girls' Cloth Suits. Regulation Serge Suits. Girls' Lawn Dresses. Girls' Linen Suits. |

| Values to \$35 | Values to \$45 | Values to \$60 |
|--|---|--|
| White Serge Coat Suits. Serge Coat Suits. Worsted Coat Suits. Panama Coat Suits. Ling. Princess Dresses. Pongee Princess Dresses. Embr. Panama Dresses. Taffeta Princess Dresses. Tailored Linen Suits. Fillet Lace and Linen Suits. Long Blue Serge Coats. Long Blue Serge Coats. Full-length Cravenettes. Silk Braided Coats, colors. Chiffon Taffeta Coats. French Serge Coats. Broadcloth Coats. | Hand Embroidered Colored Border Lingerie Dresses. Princess Foul'd Dresses. Princess Taffeta Dresses. Princess Voile Dresses. Check Voile Dresses. Embr. Linen Suits. Fillet Trim. Linen Suits. White Serge Suits. Extra Size Cloth Suits. Striped Panama Suits. Tropical Worsted Suits. Brilliant Coat Suits. Long White Serge Coats. White Broadcloth Coats. Rubberized Silk Coats. Long Pongee Coats. Long Taffeta Coats. Tweed Steamer Coats. | Fancy Trim. Cloth Suits. White Serge Suits. Check Worsted Suits. Striped Worsted Suits. Tailored Linen Suits. Lace and Linen Suits. French-Lined Lace Suits. Silk-Lined Net Dresses. Silk-Lined Voile Dresses. Trim'd Taffeta Dresses. Hand Em. Raj. Dresses. Empire Messal. Gowns. Fine Lingerie Dresses. Tailored Linen Dresses. Renaissance Lace Coats. Fancy Pongee Coats. Chiffon Taffeta Coats. Empire Serge Coats. Silk Braided and Fillet Coats. |

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On and after June 15th trains depart from Grand Central Station, New York, 8:40 A.M. and 2:00 P.M. daily, except on Sunday, through Fairlee, Sleight and Dining Car Service.

A comfortable hour for departure and a comfortable hour for arrival.



U. S. M. C. and Cuthbert Brown, brother of the bride, will be ushers. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Whitfield Brown, who will give a reception after the ceremony.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Gertrude Compton and Dr. I. Ogden Woodruff, Jr., will take place on Thursday afternoon at the home of the bride's father, Prof. Alfred G. Compton, 40 West 126th street. She will be attended by her sister, Miss Madeline Compton, as maid of honor, and Alfred Compton will assist as best man. The Rev. Dr. George B. Van De Water, rector of St. Andrew's Church, will perform the ceremony at 4:30 o'clock. Only relatives and some friends will be present at the ceremony. There will be a big reception afterward.

Miss Elizabeth Logan Helm and Edward Bartlett Nitchie will be married on Thursday evening in the West End Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Benjamin Helm of Danville, Ky., an uncle of the bride, will perform the ceremony. The Misses Elizabeth Nitchie and Laura Belle Helm, sisters of bridegroom and bride, will be bridesmaids. Miss E. J. Linker will assist as best man, and Edward G. Tracy, Hubbard P. Nitchie, John Nitchie, Edward Barron and Burdette Le Munyan will be ushers. Hubbard D. Nitchie, Jr., will serve as page. A reception will follow at the bride's home, 51 West 104th street.

The marriage of Guy Gregory to Miss Fannie Winfred Rosemont, daughter of Cornelius Price Rosemont, occurred on Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents in Bensonhurst.

Matthew-Hughes.
The wedding of Miss Agnes Cans Hughes and Harrison Tilley. Matthew took place yesterday at 1 o'clock in the crypt of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The Rev. Dr. Lindsey Parker of St. Peter's Church, Brooklyn, performed the ceremony and the bride was given away by her father, George Hughes. Miss Grace Challen of Jacksonville, Fla., was the maid of honor and the Misses Matilda Anderson of Jacksonville and Gertrude Page of New York the bridesmaids. Katherine Hughes assisted as best man, and George Matthew of Riverside, N. Y., a brother, and Howard C. Murphy of New York, an uncle, acted as bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Hughes, gave a reception at their home, 527 West 145th street.

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To-morrow, Clearing Sale of

A variety of styles in light weight materials, at \$12.50, 18.50

WOMEN'S SUMMER DRESSES

The following at Special Prices

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| Guimpe Dresses, OF STRIPED GINGHAMS, TRIMMED WITH PLAIN BANDS. " POPLINETTE, TRIMMED WITH EMBROIDERY. | \$5.50 11.50 |
| Princess Dresses, OF BATISTE, TRIMMED WITH LACE. " STRIPED DIMITY, TRIMMED WITH LACE. " STRIPED GINGHAM, TRIMMED WITH PIPING. " BATISTE, TRIMMED WITH ENGLISH EMBROIDERY. | 6.00 10.50 14.50 23.50 |
| Coat Suits, OF POPLINETTE, WITH SATIN COLLAR AND CUFFS. | 15.00 |
| Tub Skirts, OF LINEN. " POPLINETTE. | 2.50 4.90 |

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SUITABLE FOR CARRIAGE, MOTORING AND STEAMER WEAR.

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| Automobile Coats, OF LINEN. OF TAN PONGEE. | at \$9.25, 12.75, 18.75 14.50, 16.50, 25.00 |
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A Special Offering To-morrow of

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| Flowered Lawn Kimonos, Imported Corded Lawn Kimonos, Figured Lawn House Gowns, trimmed with lace, Figured Swiss & Flowered Batiste House Gowns, lace trimmed, White Figured Swiss, trimmed with lace insertion, | at \$2.50 2.75 3.50 4.00 4.75 |
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| Lingerie and Tailor-made, Colored Dimity, Madras & Gingham. | \$1.50, 1.98, 2.95, 4.95 1.98, 2.95, 3.95, 5.95 |
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| 3500 Yds. Japanese White Habutai Washable Silks, 36 inches wide, Printed Twill and Satin Foulards in a variety of dots and neat designs, Shepherd Check Louisines, Striped Surabs and Fancy Taffetas in all the newest colors, Regular Prices 75c to \$1.00 Yard | at 50c |
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| In Wool and Silk & Wool, Former Prices \$1.35 to 2.45 Yard | at 68c |
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